

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.Publication Office:  
724 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1895, at  
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of  
Congress of March 3, 1879.

SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Ernest H. Merrick... Treasurer and Business Manager  
Paul F. Cain... Assistant Treasurer  
Henry C. Thompson... Mechanical Superintendent

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by  
carrier in the District of Columbia and at  
Alexandria, Va., at 5 cents per month,  
daily and Sunday, or at 5 cents per month  
without the Sunday issue.Subscription Rates by Mail.  
Daily and Sunday... 35 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday... \$4.00 per year  
Daily, without Sunday... 25 cents per month  
Daily, without Sunday... \$3.00 per yearNo attention will be paid to anonymous  
contributions, and no communications to  
the editor will be printed except under the  
name of the writer.Manuscripts offered for publication will  
be returned if unavailable, but stamps  
should be sent with the manuscript for  
that purpose.All communications intended for this  
newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1907.

## "Frying Fat" Out of Standard Oil.

"Unprofitable and uninteresting" is Senator Depey's comment on the disclosures concerning the sources of the Republican campaign fund of 1904 and the method of its collection. "Private affairs," says Cornelius N. Bliss, "treasurer of the Republican National Committee," "about which nobody has the slightest right to inquire." We do not think the public will be inclined to accept such summary dismissal of the extraordinary campaign secrets now finding their way into print. The disclosures make mighty interesting reading, however much they may embarrass the eminent personages chiefly concerned, and the public has every right to inquire into the means by which a Presidential campaign is carried on.

Moreover, the facts have an important bearing on the truth of certain allegations made by the last Democratic candidate for the Presidency, allegations that were hotly and vociferously denounced as mendacious by his opponent.

The New York Times contributes to the story of the 1904 campaign fund some additional details that may or may not evoke surprise. The Times says that the Standard Oil Company was milked in the sum of \$100,000 by Mr. Bliss, who visited the company's office and there dwelt upon the importance of a Republican victory and the alarming lack of campaign money. These considerations did not, however, appeal to the Standard Oil people until they had received certain satisfactory assurances from Mr. Bliss. As Mr. Roosevelt had already hinted at a probable legal attack on the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Bliss was asked point-blank, according to the Times, "if Mr. Roosevelt was aware of the requests to the corporations, and, if he was, how he expected to receive assistance from this source. Mr. Bliss' reply was that, without reflecting upon any position he had previously taken, Mr. Roosevelt had become much more broad in his views." This implication of a change in the President's views immediately brought a contribution of \$100,000, exclusive of the amount subscribed by Arthel and Rockefeller to the Harrison fund.

A subsequent incident at the White House is thus described by our New York contemporary:

"There was in Washington a reunion of a fraternity of which Mr. Wheeler, head of the cooperative department of the Standard Oil Company, was a member. The fraternity was revived at the White House, and a joking allusion was made to Mr. Wheeler's connection with the Standard Oil Company. Instantly the President called him aside and said: 'If you company is called upon for a campaign contribution, don't give any. It is not needed.'"

"Mr. Wheeler was not familiar with what had taken place, but when he returned to New York he repeated the President's remark at the company's office at 33 Broadway, where it caused consternation."

This was before the White House interview with Harriman, following which the railroad magnate induced the Standard Oil and other corporate interests to give over \$200,000 to insure the election of Republican candidates in New York.

When Mr. Bliss heard of President Roosevelt's denial of Judge Parker's charge that trust money was being so flouted by the Republican campaign managers, his only comment was, "I was deceived." So also was the Standard Oil Company deceived—mightily deceived. It invested \$100,000, and got therefore several thousand inducements, and a big law suit. Probably it was one of the worst investments the Standard ever made.

"Campaign contributions from business men will never cease," Senator Depey shrewdly predicts. "As long as business is affected by politics." And as long as immense campaign funds are considered necessary to carry elections, it will be the chief aim of practical politicians to see that business is affected by politics; a most vicious political principle, of which we hope the public hereafter will sternly disapprove.

## An Unknown Statesman.

The Hon. Hannis Taylor, in a recent number of the North American Review, rescues from unmerited obscurity the author of one of the most important principles of our Federal government, namely, the principle of Federal citizenship. He points out that our Federal system is the first in which the central government operated directly upon individual citizens, and not upon the States themselves. "The idea of a supreme Federal government," says Mr. Taylor, "strictly organized, and not on the States composing the federation, was the invention, without doubt or equivocal, of Pelatiah Webster, a native of Connecticut, an adopted son of Pennsylvania, and a graduate of the University of Yale."

Pelatiah Webster was born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1775, and died at Philadelphia in 1786. He was the author of a pamphlet published in 1785, in which was elaborated a plan of creating a Federal government that should not be dependent on the States, but should operate directly on the citizens. "That was Pelatiah Webster's contribution to the science of government," remarks Mr. Taylor, "for which the world had been waiting for more than 2,000 years." The principle evolved by Webster, and adopted by the framers of our Constitution, gave the Federal government power to defend itself against disunion and secession, and strengthened the feel-

ing of nationality. It marks the difference between success and failure in our Federal experiment.

Mr. Taylor regards Pelatiah Webster as perhaps the most eminent of our constructive statesmen—the "lightest of the Websters," to quote his own eulogy; "his grandeur is equalled only by the neglect of his fellow-countrymen." This is high praise, but Mr. Taylor thinks it due the fame of a man who contributed so fundamental an idea to the building of our constitutional fabric.

Col. John Temple Graves is decidedly discouraged over the Democratic outlook. This is too bad! If the colonel is going to turn pessimist, the whole outfit may as well shut up shop and quit.

## Brace Up and Be Cheerful!

Even if it partake of a lese majeste suggestion, this newspaper ventures to say that it shall be pleased if it find the President's speeches pitched in a different key on his forthcoming Western and Southern trip.

Everybody now knows where Mr. Roosevelt stands. On all domestic problems his position is perfectly clear. He has been hewing to the line, and the whole country sees. Offending corporations have been started on the right course. They know that the administration intends to enforce the law and punish all public malefactors. Knowing this, why not assume, just for the sake of the general weal, and in a spirit of fair play, that there is going to be no further evasions or violations of the law, or tramping down of the rights of the dear people, by powerful interests?

Why not, if only in fancy, for the time being, get together on the common ground that this great and glorious country of ours is all right—no longer headed for the bow-wows, but sound and healthy and unmenaced from within or without?

Would not this really be a wholesome frame of mind for all of us to get into, after the tension and turmoil through which we have passed? And would it not redound to the greater credit of the indomitable Theodore Roosevelt, who has done it all?

There has been much scolding and moralizing. The country needed it, no doubt, and it has done the country good. Things really are on a better basis than for a long time before. People who had been too busy making money to do any thinking have been forced to think—forced to see the difference between right and wrong; forced to deal honestly and honorably with their fellow-men. A few of them, faithful pillars as malefactors of wealth, almost excite our sympathy to-day in the humiliation now theirs.

A glorious era it has been, truly; glorious in lofty aims, in resolute courage and in splendid results! The full fruits of it, we all know, are yet to be reaped; but, while waiting the harvest, is it not well, will it not be helpful all around, to brush our pessimism aside, moralize a little less, stop scolding altogether, and cheerfully assume that the country is honest and is going to stay honest? There is patriotism in the thought. It is bound to do good. We can the better solve remaining problems by stopping to catch our breath now and then.

Of course the reformation will go on; prosecutions will be pressed; but let us get our minds off former malefactors and down-trodden, and greet the brighter day now dawning. We glory in what has been done, and is now doing, but let us not gloat. We have had enough of economic sermons; we are beginning to feel surfeited with moral lessons.

Let us brace up and be optimists. Theodore Roosevelt can help, and help mightily, in this bracing up business, by pitching his speeches in a more hopeful key.

The country needs it every hour.

"Grand Old Texas," where no gentleman would take a drink ten years ago without first putting sneezeweed and tabasco sauce in it, now prohibits the drinking of spiked lemonade or milk punch on railroad trains!

## Protection and Tariff Reform.

There seems to be a prospect that on the question of the tariff the Republican party will divide at least prior to the convention. While W. J. Bryan and other prominent Democrats are assailing Secretary Taft because of his expressed belief that any tariff revision should be deferred until after the Presidential election, some in his own party are dissatisfied that Secretary Taft has ventured to declare that the tariff should be touched at all. There are some Republicans who believe that the present tariff arrangement is quite satisfactory, and others think that a certain amount of revision of schedules is necessary. The National Association of Manufacturers is for revision, and in this has the support of probably a majority of the Republican voters.

The American Economist, the organ of the American Protective Tariff League, assails Secretary Taft for his tariff-revision utterances and says:

"By his official record regarding free trade in the competing products of the Philippines and free trade in Panama Canal material and supplies, and by his public utterances at both a year ago and at Columbus four days ago, Mr. Taft stands plainly in view as a Presidential aspirant whose protectionism cannot consistently support. That being the case, the time has arrived when protectionists should bear themselves in the matter of insuring the election of the largest possible number of sound protectionist delegates to the national convention of 1908. Effect along this line should be begun without delay."

It cannot be that the stand-pat protectionists in the Republican party seriously think that they can oppose any revision of the tariff. There is a positive and steady demand throughout the country that the Dingley schedules should be revised, and the sooner the better. The work will have to be done.

No one is proposing a change to a free trade basis, but all save the selfish beneficiaries of the present system realize that the country will profit by a revision of the Dingley rates. These rates were never intended to continue so long. Mr. Dingley himself regarded them as temporary, and they were purposely made high in some instances to permit of advantageous reciprocity agreements with other countries.

Between now and the Republican national convention of next year, it seems likely that this question of tariff revision will come into marked prominence. It is a question closely allied to our national prosperity, and anything that touches so nearly to the pocketbooks of the people is bound to interest them mightily. It is the opinion of this paper that Mr. Taft was infinitely stronger as a tariff revisionist than he is to-day as a tariff postmaster. President Roosevelt has fallen far short of the country's expectations in his failure to deal courageously with the tariff, as he has dealt with other pressing problems.

The Republican leaders did not keep their promises of 1904. Will they keep the promises they are making now? Possibly. But the country is certain to have misgivings and fears.

The New York World wonders what would happen should Japan send a fleet of swift cruisers through the Suez Canal

while our fleet is in the Pacific. Beyond the flare-up of Capt. Hobson and a few newspaper flits, we do not think any special would happen.

## The Late Lamented Adam!

It was with no small amount of interest that we read in the Chicago Post of recent date an account of the then forthcoming celebration in that city of the five thousand six hundred and sixty-eighth birthday of Adam.

Adam—who didn't need any other name, and, therefore, did not bother himself to scratch up one—as will be remembered, the first man. Were he alive to-day he would be the one and only original "oldest inhabitant" and the final and indisputable authority on precedent, nature-faking, politics, society, and untoward weather conditions. While Eve, his consort, might out-talk him in these matters, she could not successfully dispute the fact that Adam was here first and entitled to speak with authority.

Perhaps, however, it is just as well for Adam's peace of mind that he was snatched hence in the early dawn of things material, and no longer sojourns among us. Things were quiet and peaceful-like when Adam was first set upon earth and unanimously elected to all of the offices in sight. As long as he was content to stand pat and let well enough alone, things went as merry as a marriage bell. His first birthday must have been particularly joyous and happy. There were no gossiping neighbors to contend with, no opposition party to view with alarm, no photographs, no race problem, no mysterious war ships prowling about, no anti-Santa Claus idios, no Brownsville row, no Shaw boom, no Richmond P. Hobson, no Democratic dissensions, no railroads to knock, no John D. Rockefeller to cuss, no Chancellor Day to run from, no newspapers to manage the country, no "refuseniks," and no Rough Riders to monopolize the pie output!

From this it will be seen readily that Adam had what might be called a cinch on happiness and a strangle hold on content. All that he had to do was to sit steady in the boat and let things come to him. Unfortunately for Adam and his numerous descendants now at large, as well as those dead and gone, he sought to set aside the only executive order established to restrain his liberty, and early reduced his proud position to that of a Kansas Populist. It was he who introduced the fashion of aptitude suicide, and had he been satisfied to obey the one little injunction set up for his protection and real welfare, doubtless we should all be very much better off to-day than we are.

However, let us not be too hard on Adam. Remember, he had no mother to guide him—was, in fact, an orphan from the word—go—and might have made a great deal better showing had he been even one-half so smart as many of his far-removed progeny of this day and time imagine they are.

It appears that the Teddy bears are not popular in Germany, and this leads the Cincinnati Times-Star to think some one over there ought to invent a William bear. Why not be original and make it a William goat?

Chief Pleasant Porter is dead; but you may still see any number of pleasant Porters, provided you are willing to put up the necessary tip.

"The South is hopeless," says the Waterbury American. Well, at least certain sections of it seem determined to be hopeless.

It is all very well for smart people to invent machines that will sign checks at the rate of 100 per minute, but what we want is a machine that will collect them that way.

"Shall we kiss the bride?" asks the Nashville Tennessean. We should think it merely a matter of opportunity.

A graduate of Booker Washington's school at Tuskegee has opened a brokerage establishment in Wall street. He should be cautious; Wall street probably has as much fondness for black sheep as it has for white lambs.

If there were no railroads to attack in this country, it is our opinion that a number of long-haired statesmen would patronize the barber shops a good deal oftener than they do.

If there is any dependence to be put in newspaper cuts, Artist Earle isn't likely to be called upon to fight anybody in particular for the possession and retention of that "affinity."

"How the State of Georgia manages to hold Tom Watson, Hoke Smith, and Clark Howell within its borders all at one time is a mystery," says the Jackson (Miss.) News. It is not the general impression that Clark is refusing to stand hitched, is it?

"The peck-a-boo is doomed, but there is the rainy-day skirt," says the Shreveport Times. There is too optimism for you!

Lawrence D'Arcy says it took him twelve years to win his bride. If he retains her twelve months he will be considered quite a novelty among actors.

Any baseball team that seeks to usurp Washington's place at the bottom of the list will be set down upon promptly and squelched. Under the law, Washington has obtained a prescriptive title to that locality.

"Dr. Woods Hutchinson detects poison in beans. Up, patriots!" says the Boston Transcript. Doubtless our dignified old contemporary meant to say "Eat 'em up, patriots!"

And now comes the Birmingham News and solemnly remarks: "According to a recent law enacted, an Englishman can marry his widow's sister." This is grim humor, if it is unconscious!

The Moorish cavalry is mounted almost exclusively on white horses, but that isn't the thing that France is red-headed about.

A childless farmer in Norway has adopted nine babies during the past year, and he wants more. Mr. Roosevelt must give him credit for doing the best he can, anyhow.

Allan Nierredin Abbas Abazeddiz is visiting the United States. That's pretty hard on the amateur telegraph operators now trying to make good while the strikers are out.

The Louisville Courier-Journal rises to a point of order and declares that Judge Parker is as much a Presidential probability now as he ever was in his life. Point of order well taken and is sustained.

It isn't probable that we shall have any trouble on the Atlantic Coast with the battle ships away, provided some butter-in doesn't stir up Castro.

It is extremely doubtful that Mr. Stuyvesant Fish could be successfully initiated into the Annapolis Club by the regular team.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

## A CONSUMER'S DITTY.

With meat at eighty cents an inch, or eighty-five.  
It is not really such a cinch  
To keep alive.  
What goes up must downward come  
To the consumer's men.  
They could relieve our feelings some  
By saying when.

With prices soaring to the skies,  
As is the trend,  
A man, therefore, than mortal eyes  
To see the end.  
What goes up must tumble down,  
So wise folk say.  
Oh, kindly fates, speed to our town  
That welcome day!

All Been Used.  
"Is your exposition scheme off?"  
"Why?"  
"Yes."  
"We couldn't think of no new name  
for a midway."

A Corner in Language.  
"Noah Webster was a benefactor to the human race."  
"But a poor business man," declared Mr. Gotrox. "If I had known him, we'd now be drawing royalties on all them words."

A Sociable Brute.  
The oxen likely to be thrown  
With friends a few.  
So do not put one all alone  
Into a stew.

Glossing It Over.  
"They say now that Fish didn't strike Harahan."  
"Didn't?"  
"No; just soaked him in a friendly manner."

Step Up, Gentles!  
"I started in life," said the eminent financier, "with three walnut shells and a small pea. Business was good from the first, but the field was limited. I know, however, that I was operating on correct principles, so I fought it out along those lines, and I may say that I still adhere to them."

Just now.  
"Just now, I am operating with three railroads and a bond issue."

Simple Enough.  
"They say that poetry is very difficult to do."  
"Nonsense! Poetry is what the magazines use to fill in between prose articles."

## ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

POOR THING.  
She once was gay, her smile was glad.  
But now she has a languid air;  
Her eyes, once bright, are rather sad.  
As if she were oppressed with care.  
Her words once rippled forth with ease,  
But now she slowly draws them out;  
She used to be inclined to tease—  
A woe! change has come apace.

Her father used to seem so glum  
That other men avoided him;  
But now he's gay, a change has come,  
He is no longer stern and grim.  
He struck the market right and made  
A tidy wad in D. & E.—  
He's lost the cares that on him weighed,  
He seems to be consumed with glee.

"The strange how fortune bears us down  
Or lifts us up and makes us glad;  
There is not anywhere in town  
A gladder mortal than her dad;  
But she turns with a languid air  
To coldly greet me when we meet;  
Poor thing, she used to be so fair,  
Her laughter used to be so sweet."

Luck.  
"Ah, my darling," cried Mr. Youngblood, as his beautiful wife met him at the door, "how radiant you look."  
"I'm so happy, dear," she replied. "Something has happened to-day that makes me—"

"Oh, has your rich old uncle died at last and left his fortune to you?"  
"No. The cool fell down stairs and broke her leg. Now there will be no danger of her leaving us for a week or two, at least."

A Lost Star.  
He hitched his wagon to a star  
And for a while it seemed to play;  
She recently divorced him, though,  
And he is back at work to-day!

Encouragement.  
"I'm afraid," said the sourette, "that I'll never be able to appear to-night. I have a sore throat."  
"Don't let that worry you, dear," replied the prima donna. "Nothing could happen to your throat that wouldn't help your singing."

Her Weak Point.  
"Mrs. Pollansbee tells me that she is studying Chance," said Mrs. Oldcastle.  
"Indeed?" replied her hostess. "She always was crazy over fancy work."

## LONDON'S SORDID POVERTY.

Unflattering Picture of Civilization in World's Greatest City.

Vance Thompson, in Outlook Magazine.  
There is a standing army, as the phrase goes, of 50,000 unemployed; add, still, 30,000 women very badly employed indeed; and 35,000 homeless adults, and 35,000 wandering children of the slums, and 15,000 free criminals, and you have before you a statistical summary of the situation in the greatest city in Christendom. Interesting, is it not? And, with those who do not walk the streets of night, things are only a degree better. It is a fact that 90 per cent of the producers of the actual wealth of London have no homes they can call their own beyond the week's end, and no other possessions than the few sticks of old furniture that will go into a handcart for trundling from lodging to lodging. And 300,000 people live in one-room tenements, in which decency is impossible. Every night 30,000 Londoners sleep in a penny lodging-house—the "penny doss"—and every night 11,000 sleep in the casualty wards. Where should they sleep, these secondary millions? In London there are 1,200,000 workers who get less than \$5 a week per family! The week I write of there were 9,930 persons in workhouses, hospitals, and prisons of the great town. Nine-tenths of man's felicity depends upon being well born; in London a bit more than nine-tenths. In the upper classes 10 per cent of the children die before reaching the age of five years, but in the lower classes—say of St. George's-in-the-East—the average death rate is twenty-nine years of age. So, by the mere fact of being born out of the nobility and gentry, the Londoner is stripped of twenty-seven years of the life that might have been his. Oh, of other things, too, he is short. His short life is bare of comfort or delight.

The Theosophist Leader.  
Mrs. Annie Besant, the eminent theosophist, newly elected president of the Theosophical Society, will arrive in this country Tuesday. She comes to attend the annual convention of the American section of the society, which will be held in Chicago, beginning next Sunday. Mrs. Besant will remain in this country through the month, delivering lectures in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. Mrs. Besant is a sister of Sir Walter Besant, the author, and was a devoted friend and pupil of Miss Blavatsky. She was educated privately in England, Germany, and France, was co-editor with Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., of the National Reformer, and a member of the Fabian Society and the Social Democratic Federation; with Herbert Burrows led the great match strike to a successful conclusion; added the defense of public meeting in London; was a member of the London school board. She founded the Central Hindu College at Benares, and the Central Hindu Girls' School, Benares, and is the author of many publications, pamphlets, and tracts on theosophy and kindred subjects. Mrs. Besant joined the Theosophical Society in 1883, and has traveled to all parts of the globe in its service. Her home is Adyar, India.

Forestry in Korea.  
Japan has formulated a well defined plan for the preservation of the highly valuable timber lands of Korea. It insists on the right of its people to go to any country, but exclude Chinese coolies from its own domains. It is astonishing how promptly the empire of the rising sun adopts every occidental fashion.

More Judicial Usurpation.  
From the Detroit Free Press.  
A Kansas judge gave a baseball player thirty days for whipping the umpire. Are none of our ancient prerogatives to be held sacred?

## MEN AND THINGS.

## The Youngest Drummer of the Army.

The youngest lad who enlisted in the army during the civil war was Abram P. Springsteen, formerly of Indianapolis, now an employee of the Pension Office and residing at 800 New York avenue, has just started for the G. A. R. encampment at Saratoga. He has been a familiar figure at encampments for many years. He went into the Union army when he was ten years old. He ran away from home and wanted to enlist as a drummer, but he looked too little and was too young. On October 15, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, Thirty-third Indiana Volunteers. He was eleven years old at the time, but passed for fourteen. He remained with his company until December, when his father insisted on his release. In May, the following year, he ran away again and joined the Sixty-third Indiana Volunteers and remained with it until the close of the war. Mr. Springsteen is writing a book telling of his war experiences which he hopes to have published soon. He is still a champion drummer, and at many G. A. R. encampments he beats a handsome old drum that was presented to him by his regiment on July 7, 1865.

The Grandfather of Nordens.  
The grandfather of Mme. Nordens, the famous singer, was himself famous in a way. He was known as "Camp-Meeting John" Allen, and he was a picturesque figure among the Methodists of Maine. He was known as a bit of a wag. At one time, having gone to Lewiston to attend a Methodist quarterly meeting, he was met on the street by a number of young men who wanted to have fun with him. "Camp-Meeting John" said one of them, "we want some religious information. Can you tell us who is writing a book telling of his war experiences which he hopes to have published soon. He is still a champion drummer, and at many G. A. R. encampments he beats a handsome old drum that was presented to him by his regiment on July 7, 1865."

## MEN AND THINGS.

## The Youngest Drummer of the Army.

The youngest lad who enlisted in the army during the civil war was Abram P. Springsteen, formerly of Indianapolis, now an employee of the Pension Office and residing at 800 New York avenue, has just started for the G. A. R. encampment at Saratoga. He has been a familiar figure at encampments for many years. He went into the Union army when he was ten years old. He ran away from home and wanted to enlist as a drummer, but he looked too little and was too young. On October 15, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, Thirty-third Indiana Volunteers. He was eleven years old at the time, but passed for fourteen. He remained with his company until December, when his father insisted on his release. In May, the following year, he ran away again and joined the Sixty-third Indiana Volunteers and remained with it until the close of the war. Mr. Springsteen is writing a book telling of his war experiences which he hopes to have published soon. He is still a champion drummer, and at many G. A. R. encampments he beats a handsome old drum that was presented to him by his regiment on July 7, 1865.

## MEN AND THINGS.

## The Youngest Drummer of the Army.

The youngest lad who enlisted in the army during the civil war was Abram P. Springsteen, formerly of Indianapolis, now an employee of the Pension Office and residing at 800 New York avenue, has just started for the G. A. R. encampment at Saratoga. He has been a familiar figure at encampments for many years. He went into the Union army when he was ten years old. He ran away from home and wanted to enlist as a drummer, but he looked too little and was too young. On October 15, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, Thirty-third Indiana Volunteers. He was eleven years old at the time, but passed for fourteen. He remained with his company until December, when his father insisted on his release. In May, the following year, he ran away again and joined the Sixty-third Indiana Volunteers and remained with it until the close of the war. Mr. Springsteen is writing a book telling of his war experiences which he hopes to have published soon. He is still a champion drummer, and at many G. A. R. encampments he beats a handsome old drum that was presented to him by his regiment on July 7, 1865.

The Grandfather of Nordens.  
The grandfather of Mme. Nordens, the famous singer, was himself famous in a way. He was known as "Camp-Meeting John" Allen, and he was a picturesque figure among the Methodists of Maine. He was known as a bit of a wag. At one time, having gone to Lewiston to attend a Methodist quarterly meeting, he was met on the street by a number of young men who wanted to have fun with him. "Camp-Meeting John" said one of them, "we want some religious information. Can you tell us who is writing a book telling of his war experiences which he hopes to have published soon. He is still a champion drummer, and at many G. A. R. encampments he beats a handsome old drum that was presented to him by his regiment on July 7, 1865."

The Bryant Homestead.  
Julia S. Bryant, who was the only daughter of William Cullen Bryant, and who died in Paris a week or so ago, was possessed of a house at Cummington, Mass., where her father was born. This house is to be thrown open to the public as a memorial to the poet. Since her father's death in 1857, Miss Julia Bryant made her home in Paris with her cousin, Miss Anna Fairchild, occasionally visiting her native land. In 1891 she came over here to attend the anniversary of her father's birth at Cummington.

Making Bread Quickly.  
Speaking of the feat of bread-making reported in this column recently, Mr. McPherson Reynolds says: "Mr. J. H. Lawton, twenty-five years ago, kept a mill on Moss Creek, at Carrollton, Mo., and close by was his home, on the banks of the mill pond. It was he who started the mill, harvested the wheat, and ground the flour, while his wife got everything ready in the kitchen and made the bread, which she served to the guests within eight minutes from the time the sickle touched the grain. This feat of harvesting, milling, and bread-making, and his free excursions in his steam launch in the back waters of his mill pond, made Mr. Lawton a much-talked-of individual, locally, in those days."

## Dogs with Fortunes.

Lady McKenna, widow of Sir Joseph McKenna, left the bulk of her fortune of \$100,000 to societies for the care of horses and dogs. For "Rorrey" and "Ruffles," her two dogs, she left annuities of \$30 each for their maintenance. To make certain that her horses should never know a mistress less kind and thoughtful than herself, she directed that they be killed. To the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association she left \$250, and the residue of her estate she bequeathed to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

## An Ancient Tunnel.

Scientists have discovered evidence to show that a work similar to that of the famous Siphon tunnel, but on a smaller scale, was executed some twenty-four centuries ago. Owing to the bad state of the water supply of Jerusalem, the king ordered a reservoir to be dug at the base of the city to which water was to be brought from various springs. The Siphon tunnel, by means of which the water was to be conveyed from a source to the east of Jerusalem and poured into the pool of Silwan, was 1,000 feet long, and in a straight line. It has been learned that work was begun at both ends of the tunnel and the direction was altered a number of times. The floor of this ancient tunnel was finished with great care. The width varied from one to three feet, and the height from three to nine feet. Scientists are engaged in speculation as to how the ancient engineers gauged their direction so as to be able to reckon and correct errors in alignment.

## The Plow Maker.

The foremost plow maker in the world is James Oliver, who recently passed his eighty-fourth birthday, though he is too weak and ill to celebrate it. He lives at South Bend, Ind., where the famous plow works are established. From that factory Oliver chilled-steel plows have gone to every civilized country in the world, and probably no one manufacturing industry has done so much for the cause of agriculture everywhere.

## The Theosophist Leader.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the eminent theosophist, newly elected president of the Theosophical Society, will arrive in this country Tuesday. She comes to attend the annual convention of the American section of the society, which will be held in Chicago, beginning next Sunday. Mrs. Besant will remain in this country through the month, delivering lectures in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. Mrs. Besant is a sister of Sir Walter Besant, the author, and was a devoted friend and pupil of Miss Blavatsky. She was educated privately in England, Germany, and France, was co-editor with Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., of the National Reformer, and a member of the Fabian Society and the Social Democratic Federation; with Herbert Burrows led the great match strike to a successful conclusion; added the defense of public meeting in London; was a member of the London school board. She founded the Central Hindu College at Benares, and the Central Hindu Girls' School, Benares, and is the author of many publications, pamphlets, and tracts on theosophy and kindred subjects. Mrs. Besant joined the Theosophical Society in 1883, and has traveled to all parts of the globe in its service. Her home is Adyar, India.

## Forestry in Korea.&lt;/